

The Loyal Virginians of "The Great Divide," the Home of the "Banshee."

By PROF. WM. J. DEWS.

The great North Mountain Range of Virginia, the dividing line between Virginia and West Virginia, and part cularly that region north of the Bald Mountain. contains some unique and weird natural wonders. There are found in their match-less beauty, purling and musical mountain brooks and streams, grand, wild, recky gorges, wonderful groups of mountain laurel, the famous "flats," and monster oaks with their hundred arms, and grand cancons, bedeeked with thousands of many hued flowers and thick, tangled shrubbery where rest the graceful deer and lurk the

where rest the graceful ever and this the ugly, uncouth black bear, and the alert, cunning and vicious mountain lion.

At times these mountain lions are extremely bold and fierce. I recall the experience of Miss Martha Todd, of "White Oak Lick," in this connection. Miss Martha had occasion to ride over the North Mountain by what is known as the Pendle ton County Road to visit friends in Pendle ton County. Returning just before twi-light, while making the descent to the east side of the mountain towards her father's house at White Oak Lick, a sudden, cat-

house at White Oak Lick, a sudden, cat-like ery some 50 yards in front of her at-tracted her attention.

Knowing full well the meaning of that terrible ery, having been familiar with it from childhood, she immediately determined to dash past the threatened danger and trust to the flectness of her little white horse. The horse seemed to feel his danger also, and as the fair Martha touched him on his neck and told him to "go," he went like the wind; but the mountain lion sprang like the wind; but the mountain hor sprang with a blood-curdling cry full at the horse and its rider. Martha had drawn her revolver, holding it with her left hand, while guiding the little horse with her right, as he flew along the mountain road towards home. The hor missed the horse and rider, falling a yard or two to the rear. Martha fired one shot at the lion, and then commenced the wild race down the mountain road for nearly four miles, the lion with road for nearly four miles, the lion with his long leaps keeping from 10 to 40 feet from the horse and rider. Once the lion with a mighty spring came within a few feet of the horse's legs,

when Martha, with a coolness and pre-cision characteristic of the Todd family, fired on the animal again, slightly wound-ing him, though the horse was on the full run. The lion with a fearful cry again bounded after his intended fair victim, and destrict the best effects of the little horse. despite the best efforts of the little horse, aided by the encouraging words of its mistress, the lion, bleeding somewhat,

mistress, the lion bleeding somewhat, rapidly gained on the ficeing horse and rider.

At this moment the little horse showed signs of distress, and Martha admitted afterwards that for a second or two she experienced a slight feeling of uneasiness, but just then the pretty little North River, on the edge of the settlement, appeared in view. Welcome sight!

Another minute and the little horse

In view. Welcome sight!

Another minute and the little horse with a last supreme effort bounded over the little stream; the lion also cleared the creek with one leap, and immediately closed upon horse and rider. Martha dashed up to her father's house and passed through the open gate to the very door with the lion at the horse's heels.

"Uncle Jimmy" and his son Sam, hear-

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distance with the degs, but as if was then after twilight the chasewas abandoned.

A WONDERFUL NATURAL CURIOSITY.
About 35 or 40 miles from Staunton, Va., and about 30 miles north of the Great Bald Mountain, in West Augusta County, is one of the most wonderful matural curiosities of the North Mountain. At this point, at some unknown past time, the mountain has been literally eleft asunder crosswise. There remains between the two parts of the mountain to Augusta County on the cast. This mighty gorge extending from near Pendleton County through the mountain to Augusta County on the cast. This mighty gorge extending from near Pendleton County through the mountain to Augusta County on the cast. This mighty gorge extending from near Pendleton and the confederates had gathered up from the farmers of the vicinity. Staunton had also been threatened by Federal county on the cast. This mighty gorge extending from near Pendleton County through the mountain to Augusta County on the cast. This mighty gorge is very broad at each entrance, and graders, and Uncle Jimmy Todd had thrashed a detachment of Capt. Avis's provosting armingements for my departure to the Summer of 1865, for the purpose of making arrangements for my departure to the Summer of 1865, for the purpose of making arrangements for my departure to the Summer of 1865, for the purpose of making arrangements for my departure to the Summer of 1865, for the purpose of making arrangements for my departure to the Summer of 1865, for the purpose of making arrangements for my departure to the Summer of 1865, for the purpose of making arrangements for my departure to the Summer of 1865, for the purpose of the Morth, I learned that the mest interesting topic of conversation were the Yankees, the little spocks of the mountains, and lately given the people of that vicinity and Gordonsville a very had scare to provide a point, at some unknown past time, the little spocks of the mountains, and lately given the people of that vicinity and Gordonsville a very had scare to provi



"Uncle Jimmy" and his son Sam, hearing the clattering of hoofs, sprang with their rifles to the yard just as Martha, horse and lion turned in the open gate.

Taking in the situation at a glance, "Uncle Jimmy" and Sam endeavored to draw a head on the lion, but that wily beast dodged and crouched behind the horse as Martha sprang from the saddle, then turned in rapid flight and sprang into a thicket near the gate just as the Todds fired. The beast was tracked a short

persons who know of this secret pathway it is called the "Spooks' Causeway," and it is believed by the resident mountaineers to be the headquarters of the banshee or spooks of the North Mountain. The spooks of the North Mountain. The spooks and banshee of the North Mountain bear about the same relation to the mountains as the banshee, or "little people," do to the mountains and glades of old Ireland, or the witches and spirits of the "Brocken" in the Hartz Mountains, and glades of old Ireland, or the witches and spirits of the "Brocken" in the Hartz Mountains, gramper to the lesse fantastical but interesting stories of old times.

On my arrival at Staunton, Va., in the Summer of 1863, for the purpose of making arrangements for my departure to the North, I charned that the most interesting topic of conversation were the Yankees, the little spooks of the mountains, sand lately given the people of that

In the SERVICE OF THE UNION.

IN THE SERVICE OF THE UNION.

"MILL CREEK, PENDLETON COUNTY, W. VA., May 14, 1864.

MY GOOD FRIEND, MR. JOHN TIS-DALE: The bearer of this note is Miss Lucy Morris, and is on secret service his-sion to Staunton in the interest of the United States Government, whose starry flag you and I respect, love, and honor.
Aid the young lady all in your power, and trust her implicitly. She is brave, honest.

The party rapidly passed on and reached and wise for her years.

Your old friend, CAPT, JOHN MALLOW, Commanding Swamp Dragoons (Home Guards) of Pendleton County, W. Va

George having completed the reading of the letter, informed the little marden that he was at her service, as the Captain was an old friend of his father, and he was entirely familiar with Capt. Mallow's handcriting, and produced from a drawer a effect from Capt. Mallow to his father, John Tischde

"Now," said Miss Lucy, "I have no time to lose; furnish me at once an ordinary-sized fleet horse from your stable. I go to Standon, and will return in two or three

fours."
"Then," said George, "I will write a note and you can present it in Staunton to Mr. Weim, a baker, living opposite the American Hotel. Rely upon him."

The horse being saidled with an old side.

The horse being saddled wan are an addle, long out of use, the maiden mountes addle, long out of use, the maiden mountes addle, long out of use, the maiden mountes addle. and sped away. Arriving at Staunton the female spy easily found Wehn's bakery Wehn and his wife perused George's note and were visibly alarmed, and taking the maiden into a back room hurriedly in formed her that she must leave Staunton at once, as she and her pony had been seen when she crossed the pike below town on her way to Tisdale's farmhouse. After being informed of the number of Confecerate troops in and about Staunton, and the general situation of affairs, she hade her friends adieu, and slowly returned by a somewhat different route, passing the door of the Provost-Marshal's office, then turnof the Provost-Marghal's office, then thruing to the right past the American riotel and directly rode past Gen. Imboden's command, encamped just behind a ridge then, turning into a footpath, she rapidly reached the main pike, and soon reached the Tischle farmhouse, where she informed George that she must have at once, and repeated the information she had received from Mr. Wehn. Kissing George on both checks, and heartily shak-ing his band shemostock by strack ng his hand, she mounted her stanch and faithful little pong and was gone, reaching Mill Creek in safety by way of the Menonite settlement, and sactually passing over the "Spooks' Canseway" in the North Mountain.

UNION MEN CONSCRIPTED.

Events now thicken rapidly. George Tisdale and his brother received from the Provost-Marshal orders to report in Staunion within four days for duty in the Con-federate military service, under the pro-visions of conscript act. The young schoolmaster, Robertson, was hurriedly sent for

the Stribling Springs, some 14 miles east of Staunton, where George Tisdale was well and favorably known, and where he Eatering the parlor with George, she drew a small piece of thickly-folded paper from some secret recess of her clothing and handed it to George, remarking at the same time: "I know you now, and you are George Tisdale, and you visited Mill Creek. Pendleton County, a year or so ago with your father; but read this note."

George unfolded the note and read as follows:

"MILL CREEK, PENDLETON COUNTY,"

George Tisdale was well and favorably known, and where he was informed that his party could not pass through White Oak Lick to procure the services of Mr. Todd, the guide, as the road and by-ways from the Springs to near the "Lick" were guarded by Confederate cavalry, their purpose being to attack Mr. Todd and the refugees, having learned that a party was about to leave White Oak Lick for the North under the guidance of Mr. Todd. Their Mennonite friends advised that the party should move along the base that the party should move along the base of the North Mountain towards the north until near the "Great Divide," then take an oblique mountain path and reach the spooks secret pathway; sleep, then cross over and pass down the mountains to Pendleton and to Mill Creek village, the

The party rapidly passed on and reached the "Spooks' Crossing" at sundown, where they rested and slept until morning, when they, after refreshing themselves at the spring and cooking and eating some bacon, cautiously proceeded on their way by much the same route pursued by the writer of this story nearly a year later. Reaching the foot of the mountain and crossing the "South Fork" they reached a point within a mile, or less, of the village of Mill Creek. Wornout by their long tramp, they could not go farther; they left the road some 50 yards, and near a little ridge dropped down on some leaves and slept soundly. This was about midnight of the second day after leaving the Mennonite settlement.

A SHARP FIGHT.

They were awakened in the morning a nort time after daybreak by two or three nots. All sprang to their feet. George shots. cried out, "Take the trees, boys, and fight them."

The order was obeyed instantly, when they discovered some 10 or 12 Confederate cavalrymen in the road 50 or 60 yards away They had been followed closely, directed no doubt, by Confederate sympethizers, as there were many such in West Virginia. The leader of the Confederates, a Lieutenant, cautiously advanced a few steps and called out: "Surrender, George Tisdale, o

we will shoot you all down, you — white-washed Yankees."

For reply the three young men opened fire on the rebel Licutenant, who fell, shot through the arm. The unequal battle now opened, the rebels using pistols and carbines and firing from behind trees. The rebel Lieutenant was practically out of the figh: after the first volley, and soon another rebel was hit. The rebels then advanced and fired a volley, severely wounding Henry Tisdale, the younger brother. At the same time young Robertson, the school-master, limped and fell, shot through the foot, but rapidly emptied his revolver at the rebels while lying down behind the tree whence he had been firing.

But there was help at hand. The home guards at MillCreek had heard the firing and the cavalry rapidly marched to the scene of the unequal fight, followed by a squad of home guards infantry. George the meantime, had taken the pistols of his wounded comrades and was peppering the rebels in fine shape, actually making them take cover, when an officer of the rebels appeared from behind his tree and called out: "George Tisdale, surrender or

re will shoot you to pieces."

George Tisdale, from behind a large rock inswered back, "Never, you —— rebel

At this moment a bugle note long and loud sounded the charge some 300 yards away, just around the bend of the road in the direction of Mill Creek. The rebels he home guards cavalry, some 30 or 40 in number, flew past, charging after the fleeing rebs with a mighty yell. Fearing an ambuscade, they returned, after following the rebs half a mile or so. The infantry squad halted where George was, and from him learned the details of the fight.

The cavalry, returning, learned the particulars, and all hands gave "three cheers" for George Tisdale, the hero of the ing. After congratulations and refresh-ments for the refugees, Serg't Morris in-sisted that the party should be taken to his farm house, near the village. This was done, and all three were introduced to Mrs. Morris and Miss Helen Morris, the daughter

of the household. A country surgeon was summoned, who pronounced the young schoolmaster's wound only slight, but Henry Tisdale, he said, was badly wounded, and the leg being shattered at the knee, it must be amoutated This was done, while the young school-master was put to bed and his wound care-fully dressed. The fair Helen proved an angel of mercy and gentle kindness in ministering to every want of the wounded refugees.

"MISS LUCY MORRIS," UNION SPY.

The following day a smart-looking boy rode up and dismounted at the Morris house, when Miss Helen ran out, caught him in her arms and hugged and kissed him, and ner arms and nugged and kissed him, and calling to George said: "Come, Mr. Tisdale, I want to introduce to you my splendid little brother, and perhaps you may know him." Being duly introduced the boy said: "Lam glad to meet you again. Mr. George Tisdale." George replied that while he was delighted to know Moster Charles Marris hazard. to know Master Charles Morris, he could not remember ever having met him before, whereupon the charming Helen laughed eartily and said; "Charlie, tell him who

am little 'Miss Lucy Morris,' the spy who visited your house near Staunton nearly a year ago and brought you a letter from Capt. Mallow."

George was utterly astounded, but in a moment recalled the little maior a and her pony of the Shenandoah Valley episode.

The young schoolmaster rapidly improved the healing of Hancy Tisdale.

pony of the Shenandoah Valley episode.
The young schoolmaster rapidly improved, and the healing of Henry Tisdale's limb progressed safety and well, but hardly so rapidly as did the love affairs of the charming Helen and the hamdsome George.
Long conversations were held between George and Helen beneath the broad old caks near the mansion, and none was more

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the direction of Mill Creek. The rebels sprang to their horses, except one or two who were unable to mount, and went with lightning speed in the direction whence they came. George emptied his revolver they came. George emptied his revolver also be generous on your part to notify all suffering friends of this great free offer, and be instrumental in restoring them to health. When writing to the Doctor, please

coung wife he was permitted to pass on

safely, But to return to Mr. John Tisdale: He determined to proceed through to Mill Creek, trusting to so impress the Confederate soldiers on the route regarding his mission diers of the folder regarding his mission fight, who was known to a few of the home guards. Procuring a wagon the guards carried Henry Tisdale and the young schoolmaster to the village, where all the villagers were assembled in anxious waitthat they would permit him to pass. When known race of aborigines in an article in the reached the first outpost beyond Striba note for presentation to any other Con-federate soldiers he might encounter. When he reached the home of Serg't Morris he was welcomed by all. The engagement of his son to Helen was duly discussed and happily arranged to the entire satisfaction

of all the parties concerned.

Mr. Tisdale soon took his departure, his son riding the horse, while the loving, faithful father cheerfully walked by his side a listance of about 45 miles to his home near Staunton.

quietly married.

Just after the war I was in United States

Taking George by the hand be said: "I am I I then said to the youth, "You are, then the 'Miss Lucy Morris' of war time memory," when they both laughed heartily and admitted the fact, and the soldier recalled having met me at Capt. Bond's at Mill Creek in '64, and also remembered the story of our barricading the house of Mrs. Mallow, the reliable to the youth, "You are, then the hut cach wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot, with all of her behaving met me at Capt. Bond's at Mill Creek in '64, and also remembered the story of our barricading the house of Mrs. Mallow, the reliable to the reliable to the said to the youth, "You are, then the hut cach wife has her own assigned position, always resting in exactly the same spot, with all of her behaving met me at Capt. Bond's at Mill Creek in '64, and also remembered the story of our barricading the house of Mrs. Mallow, the reliable that the reliable transfer is the reliable transfer. We then shook of meat fragments or shellfish, her own to resist the rebel raiders. We then shook hands and parted with these gallant men;

George and Helen beneath the broad old oaks near the mansion, and none was more pleased than, shall we say, "little Miss Lucy Morris," to witness these intimate interviews between George and her sister Helen; for "Charlie" had really loved this gallant and handsome George when he visited him in the Valley as "Lucy Morris", the Federal Spy.

I may say that the wooing prospered and at a later period the writer passed many happy days at the residence of John Tisdale in the company of George and the fair bride. She was a typical mountain maiden. dale in the company of George and the fair bride. She was a typical mountain maiden, with brown hair, blue eyes, and tall and order a trial box of the Blood Vitalizer. bride. She was a typical monitarin manden, with brown hair, blue eyes, and tail and graceful to a degree.

A messenger finally carried the news of his son's mishap to the valley. Mr. John Avis, Provost of Staunton, for a pass to proceed to Mill Creek and bring his son home, but was brutally refused the small bon.

I may mention here that when Lee surrendered Gen. Cadwallader moved up from this march he met Capt. John Avis and his wife in a wagon, proceeding down the valies of Staunton with two regiments. While on this march he met Capt. John Avis and his wife in a wagon, proceeding down the valies of the ailment is as long as the remedy strikes that the root and brings about a cure. Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer has an unbroken record of success in the treatment of blood and constitutional disorders. It is not a drug store medicine, but is seld to the people direct by the proprietor, Dr. Peter's Blood Vitalizer.

EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE: I want to thank you for my G.A.R. charm as drug store medicine, but is a lovely charm. The result from using the medicine was more than I ever expected. Six bottles are the paped upon them, but they seem to diffe heaped upon them, but they will fight flevely to protect their homes, and this like will then be of the will thank they are worthy husbands. They will fly and the droot of the said that they are will thank they are will thank they are worthy husbands. They will fly an

MARRIAGE BY FORCE.

How the Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego Take Advantage of their Strength.

Dr. Frederick A. Cook tells of a littleknown race of aborigines in an article in Giant Indians of Tierra del Fuego," whom he visited on the Belgian Antarctic expedition. Of their marriage customs he writes; Marriage, like almost everything Ona, is not fixed by established rules. It is ar-ranged and rearranged from time to time

gement ranged and rearranged from the contracting sed and staction parties. Woman generally have very little to say about it. The bargain is made almost solely by the men, and physical force is the principal bond of union. For ages the strongest bucks have been accus-tomed to steal women from neighboring tribes, and from neighboring claus of their Not very many months subsequent to own tribe. The Onas, being by far the these events the Confederate banner was most powerful Indians, have thus been able to capture and retain a liberal supply of wives. A missionary who has been in constant contact with these Indians for 30 years has given it as his opinion that a employ at Staunton. A few weeks before leaving this post I called to bid all the Tisdale family good-by. Returning by a shorter route we met a Federal soldier and the relation to one another of the women. shorter route we met a Federal soldier and a particularly bright-looking youth, both on horseback.

During our brief conversation I learned that the soldier was Serg't Hawkins, of the pendleton County home guards, or "Swamp Dragoons," as the rebeis named them, and that the youth was Charles Morris, from near Mill Creek, and was on a visit to his sister, Mrs. George Tisdale. I had never seen this famous youth before, for he was famous, indeed, in Pendleton and Augusta Counties, at least. I gave them our names and was informed that the Tisdale family had frequently written to them about us, and I then said to the youth, "You are, then, the Miss Lucy Morris' of wartime memory."

The relation to one another of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family weigwam is of novel interest. The family witgwam is of novel interest. The principal reason for this is that the spincipal reason for this is that the permetal representation to one another of the women who possess but one husband in common in the family wing wam is of novel interest. The principal reason for this is that the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the principal reason for this is that the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the principal reason for this is that the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the principal reason for this is that the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the principal reason for this is that the children in a civilized home circle. The principal reason for this is that the children in a civilized home circle. The principal family and trained to become me supple-family and trained to become me supple-mentary wife of her benefactor in after years. In the hut cach wife has her own assigned position, always resting in ex-the same spot, with all of her beof meat fragments or shellfish, her own bag with implements, needles, sinews, and

and this closes our little romance of the bits of fur, and each wife has her own assemblage of children.

The work of the man is strictly limited Did not know what to call it.

W. Gogel, of Sherman. Conn., writes as Thus the women carry, day after day, not only all the household furniture, but the children and the portable portions of the house. The women certainly have all the uninteresting detail and the drudgery of life heaped upon them, but they seem to enjoy it. In defense of the men it should be said that they are worthy husbands. They

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